

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

Rich and Poor. 8vo. pp. 401. Edinburgh and London, 1823.

NOVEL-WRITING not only occupies a large space in the field of literature, but it diverges into so many different channels, that it is by no means easy to define its general character. The word 'novel,' is in itself excessively vague; Johnson's definition of it, as 'a small tale,' is totally inapplicable when it extends to three or four volumes; and, if we take it adjectively, we shall find that every novel is not really new.

In the modern history of novels, there is no circumstance more remarkable than that it should be endeavoured to make them the means of inculcating religious truths; and, by the way in which they are patronized we begin to suspect that their readers are glad to find such a pretext for indulging in a work of fiction.

We have on a former occasion divided novels and romances into various classes, not one of which in our opinion includes the work before us. We are even doubtful whether to call it a novel or not, and are sure that the most acute bibliographer and librarian would hesitate in determining to what class it belongs:—but no matter it is a book, and a good book too.

Our readers must not expect us to give them an account of the story; for, like Mr. Canning's knife-grinder, the author has got no story to tell: and yet there is a sort of connection runs through it which might be worked into a story. 'Rich and Poor' exhibits a picture of those two strongly-contrasted classes of society; it contains touches of high and low life; but in all one object is kept in view—that of inculcating the duties and principles of religion. The author (we are not quite certain of the sex) is evidently of the Kirk o' Scotland, a rigid disciplinarian, who will not tolerate the almost-persuaded sort of Christians. We, however, are of opinion that the author is somewhat too rigid, at least for us Southrons, who do not pretend to the sanctimonious formality of our northern brethren: we do not think a

man will make a worse husband because he is young or full of vivacity; we like the theatre, and think it possible that a good Christian may be of our opinion respecting it; we love morality, but we like to see and hear of good actions without scrutinizing too rigidly the motives which prompted them. Our national motto, *Honi soit qui mal y pense*, is a good guide in judging of men or motives, and by it we would wish to be guided.

The characters in 'Rich and Poor' are, as might be expected from the title, much diversified, but well drawn; the author has not a very powerful but a very natural mode of sketching characters. The incidents are not always striking nor the language elegant; but there is a considerable degree of ease in the style, a warmth of feeling, with a religious zeal and sincerity, which must make the work popular with the moral public. We know not really how to make an extract that can give our readers even a tolerable idea of this work; we shall, however, select a domestic episode, which, if it possess no other merit, has that of being complete in itself.

John Simpson, an honest and industrious grocer, who has a wife and three children, by becoming surety for a friend, is ruined. A paralytic stroke reduces him to the brink of the grave, and the whole family are ill. At a loss to know what to do—

'Mrs. Simpson recollects with hope Mrs. Freeheart, a lady in Edinburgh whom she had served as lady's-maid before her marriage.

"Ah! these were blessed days," thought she, "when I had all my own wants supplied, and was often sent by her to minister to those of others."

John's disease gave way to youth and a naturally good constitution; he was again able to walk, though quite unfit for active exertion. His pride was almost subdued, at least so far as to enable him to go and solicit his friends for a little supply to carry himself and family to Edinburgh. Glad at the prospect of diminishing the number of their dependants, they furnished a small sum; and bidding adieu, not without emotion, to the place where they had known so many

happy days, he, with his family, set off in the carrier's cart on a bleak morning in spring, with some vague uncertain hopes, that in a great town employment would surely be found for a man willing to do any thing; besides the certainty of his wife becoming a pensioner of her former mistress.

'Tis astonishing what feeble reeds are laid hold upon by those sinking into a state of dependance, whose resources are exhausted, whose hearts are enfeebled by sorrow, whose minds have attained a tone which none but the children of misfortune can conceive.

The sorrows and distresses of such people as John Simpson and his family are of too homely, too common, and unromantic a nature, to draw forth the sympathy and tears of the gentry. Why are those alone in exalted situations to be sympathized with, while the poor ones of the earth are supposed to be able to bear their sorrows without complaining? Grief is the same in the heart of the monarch as in the bosom of the peasant. How much has been said, how much has been written, on the misfortunes of the great? Is it the pride of human nature that must have sorrow clothed with magnificence and high birth, to call forth its tears?

When the young, the lovely Queen Mary, left Paris, the land of delight, the seat of pleasure, to go to the barren hills of Scotland, where at least plenty awaited her, every heart felt for her, and hearts still sorrow for her sorrow.

Yet the poor Simpsons, who had once known affluence, who had all the feelings, all the weaknesses of human nature,—who had been bereaved of all their worldly wealth, who had to beg a scanty pittance to enable them to remove from one abode of misery to another, had they had five guineas in their pocket, would have found very few to sympathize with their feelings on leaving their little garden, their romantic hill—in short, their home, with all its pleasures, all its remembrances, all its associations. They cast a longing lingering look as the cart turned the corner, where the hill obscured the last possible glimpse of the smoke near their dwelling; and after a tedious, cold, and painful journey, conducted with the utmost economy, the sick man, the worn-out wife, and helpless children, arrived at a comfortless dwelling in the Grass-market, which they paid for per advance before they could be admitted. They found themselves in an ill-aired garret, with a fortune amounting to five shillings.

'The landlady, though poor herself, and accustomed to such lodgers, was moved by the emaciated appearance of the party; she did every thing in her power to make them comfortable, and, with one of their shillings, went to provide them with some food. Poor Simpson was quite worn out; he cast a despairing look upon his family, then lay down on the miserable bed, and fell asleep.

'The children felt the confinement severely, and made various attempts to wander down to the street. At last their mother got them engaged in unpacking their remaining articles; and then fatigue, and that blessed medicine sleep, gave a temporary intermission to thought and anxiety.

'The next morning, Mrs. Simpson dressed herself in her few remaining clothes, and endeavoured to recall the appearance of her former station; and, having borrowed the landlady's cloak to cover all defects, and committed the children to her care till she should return, she proceeded to Prince's Street, where her former charitable mistress, Mrs. Freeheart, resided. A chill came over her as she drew near the door, and tears came into her eyes. Her heart was full as she gave a humble knock at that door, which she had been formerly accustomed to open freely. A strange domestic, in deep mourning, opened the door, and, with the air which too many servants use to their equals in birth, though inferiors in fortune—in short, with no very gracious aspect, asked her business.

'"Will you tell your lady that her old servant, Margaret Ready, wishes to speak with her?"

'"There is no lady lives here," replied the man.

'"What! is not this Mrs. Freeheart's house?" said Mrs. Simpson.

'"Mrs. Freeheart," said the man, "died three weeks ago, and the family are all gone to England."

'He shut the door without further preamble in the face of the overwhelmed Margaret Simpson.

'"And is she gone!" said she to herself, as she silently withdrew from the door, "gone to her rest, little thinking how many live bitterly to deplore her loss! What would I have given to have seen her sweet face once more—she had, aye, a pleasant word to speak to the friendless! She had, aye, pity to give to the sorrowful! Where now shall a wretch like me turn for relief?—Before I left this town I was well acquainted with Betty Dressall, the ladies' maid at the Marquis of Vainall's. Yet, she may be dead too—this is a weary world!"

'The day was cold, and Mrs. Simpson had been little accustomed to go about since her marriage. She found herself much oppressed with the cold and the exertions of the previous day, and felt far from well. When she reached the marquis's door, it was getting late, and one of the foggy dews of Edinburgh was coming on.

'The servant told her to wait a little, and he would tell Dressall to speak to her

whenever she came from the ladies, who had gone to dress for dinner. She waited nearly half an hour, shivering with cold, till Dressall was at liberty, who flew down to meet her, and recognized, with much sorrow, her old acquaintance, so sadly changed; and heard, with great commiseration, the tale of her having gone so far back in the world. She gave her all the money she had saved from her wages, amounting to half-a-guinea, and promised to speak in her behalf to her young mistress.

'The next was a gay week, and Dressall had much to do; eight days elapsed before she had it in her power to visit the garret of the Simpsons. She found them in a state which drew forth all her feelings. Mrs. Simpson had caught a severe inflammatory cold, and was confined to her miserable bed, while the neglected children, instigated by the counsel and example of their neighbours, had begun the trade of begging. The miserable father, worn out by grief and vexation, had another paralytic attack; and now almost insensible to his misfortunes, lay down and submitted to his fate.

'Such was the real state of the Simpsons, when their case was made known to Lady Amelia, and, her heart not yet hardened by meeting with guilty impostors, who forged tales of feigned misfortune, she felt, in a most painful degree, all the tantalizing desires of doing good, without the power of putting them in execution.

'The landlady with whom the Simpsons lodged soon discovered that her lodgers had not been accustomed to, and did not understand, the art of begging. She, therefore, in their name, begged from some well-known charitable characters, and out of the sums collected, paid herself for the lodging, and gave them the overplus.

'In a town like Edinburgh, where, blessed be God, there are many sincere, active, benevolent Christians, the tale of the Simpsons became known, though, owing to the number of impostors, their tale was not entirely credited, nor their distress completely relieved.

'How hard to think, that the poor themselves are the means of hardening the rich! What a dreadful account will they have to render to the Judge of all the earth on the great day! To Him who is no respecter of persons—who judges impartially rich and poor!

'The Simpsons were strangers, who lodged in a garret where many a cheat had lodged, and been before detected. Their children had been introduced to the notice of the public as street beggars. They were entitled to no relief from any public charity—all things were against them. Yet one Samaritan, who thought no evil, who believed all things, had discovered them, and came in person to speak comfort to them. 'Twas Miss Jane Beaumont, whose bounty was large, and whose soul was sincere, but whose fortune was very limited.

"Alas!" said she, "if their story is true, what can I do for them without money?" But she was not one of those who, because she could not do much, would not do any thing. She sent them some strengthening jellies and some cordials. She read to them, cheered them, and bid them be of good comfort, promising to speak in their behalf to some whose purses were better plenished than her own.

'In one of her visits to them, as she ascended the stair, she heard a voice, which, in no vulgar accents, was soothing the poor sufferers—'twas a stranger of a most benevolent aspect; his purse was in his hand.

"Yes," said he, "you must all return to your former habitation; your health will there be restored. I'll take your shop, and stock it for you—all will go well. Cheer up; when you get rich, you will repay me." And he proceeded, amidst the blessings of the family, to set down on paper the necessary directions for putting this plan in execution.

'When Miss Beaumont entered, she recognized him as a benevolent being, whose name she had not been able to learn, but whose good deeds were so numerous, they could not be concealed. He seemed to know her name and character. "Madam," said he, "I am a stranger—I am ignorant of this town, and of its ways.—I am anxious to do good, yet am often at a loss how to put my plans in execution. Here is my purse, in which you will find sufficient for the plan I have suggested for this family. Do you use it for their benefit; and may the Inspirer of every good thought bless and prosper all your efforts!"

'So saying, amidst the blessings of the overjoyed Simpsons, he left the house. But, alas! the relief came too late—poor Simpson's complaint refused to yield to care and medical aid; his wife also was beyond the reach of human succour.'

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Letters on the State of Christianity in India, in which the Conversion of the Hindoos is considered as impracticable; to which is added, a Vindication of the Hindoos. By the ABBE J. A. Dubois, Missionary in Mysore. 8vo. pp. 221. London, 1821.

THE name of the Abbé Dubois carries with it some consequence in matters connected with India, and his long residence in that mighty empire has afforded him many opportunities of making himself acquainted with the Hindoos; yet we much doubt whether the life and experience of one individual, if he lived even to a patriarchal age, would justify so sweeping a conclusion as that—'under existing circumstances, there is no human possibility of converting the Hindoos to any sect of Christianity.'

The Hindoos are an intellectual people; and, whatever may be their super-

stitutions, they are not the rude imaginations of savages, like those of the natives of New Zealand, but are organized into a system which has existed and been regularly taught from the remotest ages. What! because one Roman Catholic missionary, however zealous, has failed in converting the Hindoos, are we to say that their conversion is impossible? God forbid! The apostles reasoned not thus when they preached to Jew or Gentile: they knew that Paul might plant and Apollos might water, but that God only could give the increase; and, buckling on the armour of faith, they nobly contended against all opposition. They did not think the conversion of the whole world impossible; and, although that world was then, owing to the imperfect knowledge of navigation, to them much more limited than at present, yet, had it been larger than it is, they would not have despaired of their ultimate success. Be this as it may, the divine command ought to be a sufficient motive for the Christian never to relinquish the object, since he is told to preach the gospel to every creature. That the best means may not yet have been discovered for converting the Hindoos, that enthusiasm may have overleaped its proper bounds, or that sectarianism may have stepped in and counteracted the effects intended, we think by no means impossible. Nor do we blame the Abbé Dubois for quitting a mission in which his hair has been blanched, to enjoy the retirement to which a life of active (but, as he acknowledges, of useless) labour might entitle him; but let him not seek to damp the ardour of youthful labourers, who might still be ready to venture on this (to the Abbé) hopeless mission. Whatever may be the opinions of our author, as to the impossibility of converting the Hindoos, the facts he adduces do not bear him out; but, on the contrary, give strong reason to believe it quite possible. The Abbé shall speak for himself:—

'The Christian religion, of the catholic persuasion, was introduced into India a little more than three hundred years ago; at the epoch of the Portuguese invasions. One of the first missionaries was the famous St. Francis Xavier, a Spanish jesuit of the greatest merit, and animated with a truly apostolical zeal, and still known under the appellation of the *Apostle of India*. He traversed several provinces of India, and is said to have made many thousand converts, at a period when the prejudices of the natives against the Christian religion were far from reaching the height they have since attained. The cast of fishermen at Cape Comorin, who are all Christians, still pride themselves

in being the offspring of the first proselytes made by that apostle.

' Xavier soon discovered in the manners and prejudices of the natives an insurmountable bar to the progress of Christianity among them, as appears from the printed letters still extant, which he wrote to St. Ignatius de Loyola, his superior, and the founder of the order of the jesuits.

' At last Francis Xavier, entirely disheartened by the invincible obstacles he every where met in his apostolic career, and by the apparent impossibility of making real converts, left the country in disgust, after a stay in it of only two or three years; and he embarked for Japan, where his spiritual labours were crowned with far greater success, and laid the foundation of those once numerous and flourishing congregations of Japanese Christians, who within a period of less than a century, amounted to more than a million of souls. At this time their daily-increasing numbers threatening to supplant the religion of the country, awakened the jealousy and alarm of the Bonzes and other directors of the popular faith, and gave rise to one of the severest persecutions ever recorded in the annals of Christianity, and which ended in the total extermination of the Christians.'

What a singular discrepancy is there between the facts here detailed and the Abbé's inferences: he asserts that the Hindoos cannot be converted, and yet he admits that a single jesuit, in a period of two or three years, established the Christian faith so firmly at Cape Comorin, that the cast of fishermen there still boast in being descended from his proselytes. Xavier quitted India in disgust, but it was to go to a field of more extensive usefulness—to Japan, where he 'laid the foundation of those once numerous and flourishing congregations of Japanese Christians, who, within a period of less than a century, amounted to more than a million of souls.' A singular proof this that the Hindoos cannot be converted! It is true that a subsequent persecution exterminated the Christians in Japan, yet the British power in India is too firm to give any fears of such a result in that country. The subsequent exertions of the jesuits, and the cause of their failure, are thus stated:—

' It appears from the authentic lists, made up about seventy years ago, which I have seen, that the number of native Christians in these countries was as follows, viz. in the Marawa about 30,000, in the Madura above 100,000, in the Carnatic 30,000, in Mysore 35,000. At the present time hardly a third of this number is to be found in these districts respectively. I have heard that the number of converts was still much more considerable on the other coast, from Goa to Cape Comorin; but of these I never saw authentic lists.'

At that very time happened the European invasion, and the bloody contests for dominion between the English and French:—

' The Europeans, till then almost entirely unknown to the natives in the interior, introduced themselves in several ways and under various denominations into every part of the country. The Hindoos soon found that those missionaries, whom their colour, their talents, and other qualities, had induced them to regard as such extraordinary beings, as men coming from another world, were in fact nothing else but disguised *Fringy* (Europeans); and that their country, their religion, and original education, were the same with those of the vile, the contemptible *Fringy*, who had of late invaded their country. This event proved the last blow to the interests of the Christian religion. No more conversions were made; apostacy became almost general in several quarters; and Christianity became more and more an object of contempt and aversion, in proportion as the European manners became better known to the Hindoos.'

The Abbé says, that few converts have been made during the last sixty years, and that the Christian religion, which was formerly an object of indifference or at most of contempt, is at present become almost an object of horror, and he asks—

' In fact, how can our holy religion prosper amidst so many insurmountable obstacles? A person who embraces it becomes a proscribed and outlawed man; he loses at once all that can attach him to life. A husband, a father, is forthwith forsaken, and deserted by his own wife and children, who obstinately refuse to have any further intercourse with their degraded relative. A son is unmercifully driven out of his paternal mansion, and entirely deserted by those who gave him birth.'

' By embracing the Christian religion, therefore, a Hindoo loses his all. Relations, kindred, friends,—all desert him! Goods, possessions, inheritance, all disappear!'

' Where is the man furnished with a sufficient stock of cynical fortitude to be able to bear such severe trials?

' The very name of Christian carries along with it the stain of infamy; and the proposal alone to become a convert to Christianity is considered, by every well-bred Hindoo, as a very serious insult, which is instantly resented, as I have witnessed in repeated instances. Such a proposal must always be made with the greatest prudence and circumspection, in order not to be exposed to severe reproof from those to whom it is addressed.'

' The Christian religion is at the present time become so odious, that, in several parts of the country, a Hindoo who should happen to have friends or connexions among the natives professing this religion, would not dare to own it in public, as he would be exposed to severe reproof for holding a familiar intercourse with (in their opinion) people so degraded.'

Such is the state of degradation to which Christianity has been reduced in these latter times, and which must be imputed in a great degree to the immoral and irregular conduct of many Europeans in every part of the country.'

On the subject—whether the translation of the Bible into the idioms of India is likely to contribute to the conversion of the Hindoos, we confess the Abbé Dubois is much more clear and more decisive. It appears, however, to us, that such a selection might be made from the Sacred Scriptures as would be highly advantageous, and that to omit such as are repugnant and hostile to the prejudices of the Hindoos is desirable. The Abbé Dubois puts this subject in a strong point of view. He says,—

'What will a well-bred native think, when, in reading over this holy book, he sees that Abraham, after receiving the visit of three angels under a human shape, entertains his guest by causing a *calf* to be killed, and served to them for their fare? The prejudiced Hindoo will at once judge that both Abraham and his heavenly guests were nothing but vile pariahs; and, without further reading, he will forthwith throw away the book, containing (in his opinion,) such sacrilegious accounts.

'What will a Brahmin say, when he peruses the details of the bloody sacrifices prescribed in the Mosaical law in the worship of the true God? He will assuredly declare, that the God who could be pleased with the shedding of the blood of so many victims immolated to his honour, must undoubtedly be a deity of the same kind (far be from me the blasphemy) as the mischievous Hindoo deities, Cohly, Mahry, Darmarajah, and other infernal gods, whose wrath cannot be appeased but by the shedding of blood, and the immolating of living victims.

'But, above all, what will a Brahmin or any other well-bred Hindoo think, when he peruses in our holy books the account of the immolating of creatures held most sacred by him? What will be his feelings, when he sees that the immolating of oxen and bulls constituted a leading feature in the religious ordinances of the Israelites, and that the blood of those most sacred animals was almost daily shed at the shrine of the god they adored! What will be his feelings, when he sees, that after Solomon had, at immense expense and labour, built a magnificent temple in honour of the true God, he made the *pratista* or consecration of it, by causing 22,000 oxen to be slaughtered, and overflowing his new temple with the blood of these sacred victims? He will certainly in perusing accounts, (in his opinion so horribly sacrilegious,) shudder, and be seized with the liveliest horror, look on the book containing such shocking details as an abominable work, (far be from me, once more, the blasphemy; I am expressing the feelings of a prejudiced Pagan,) throw it away with indignation, consider himself as

polluted for having touched it, go immediately to the river for the purpose of purifying himself, by ablutions, from the defilement he thinks he has contracted, and before he again enters his house, he will send for a Poorohita Brahmin to perform the requisite ceremonies for purifying it from the defilement it has contracted, by ignorantly keeping within its walls so polluted a thing as the Bible.

'In the meanwhile he will become more and more confirmed in the idea, that a religion which derives its tenets from so impure a source, is altogether detestable, and that those who profess it, must be the basest and vilest of men.

'Such are the effects which, in my humble opinion, the reading of the naked text of the Bible cannot fail to produce on the unprepared minds of the prejudiced Hindoos.'

The ministers, however, seem to display little skill in humouring the prejudices of the people. They have not, as Mr. Irving recommends, even in this country, 'admonished stealthily and skilfully invaded with admonition.' Even the Abbé Dubois, with all his experience, has blundered most egregiously. In a sermon on the origin of the Christian religion, he particularly dwelt on the unimportant circumstance that Christ was the son of a carpenter and that the apostles were fishermen, forgetting that the casts of carpenters and fishermen are two of the lowest and vilest in the country.

It appears, too, that the Bible is not well translated, and the Abbé remarks, with shrewd truth—

'It is a well-known fact, that when England separated herself from the church of Rome, not finding the version of the *Vulgate*, till then used, sufficiently exact, the first care of her reformers was to procure a translation of the whole Bible, from the original Hebrew into English. In consequence, one was produced with great trouble, in the reign of the young king Edward the Sixth; but this version, on a close investigation, proving abundant in errors, was finally laid aside, and a second undertaken in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. This also could not withstand criticism, and was found, on the whole, very incorrect and defective; a third version was therefore begun in the reign of James the First, which (if I am not mistaken) is that now used and approved by the established church. In order to render this as exact and correct as it was possible, the best scholars to be found in the kingdom were employed in the execution of it, and it is well known that this version, carried on by the joint labours of so many learned persons, took up a period of about sixteen years, for its completion; and yet modern criticism has found many errors and mistakes in it, although obtained by so much trouble and care.'

'Now, if even in Europe, with all the assistance that learned translators were ena-

bled to obtain, from enlightened criticism, &c. it proved so difficult, and required such great labours to obtain a genuine version of this work, what are we to think of the project of five or six individuals, who, without the assistance of any criticism whatever, suppose themselves able to execute genuine translations into intricate languages, with which they, after all, can possess only an imperfect acquaintance?'

There is certainly much truth and good sense in these remarks; and, however much any person may differ from the Abbé Dubois, all must admire his ingenuous boldness. We shall conclude with a brief notice of the pageantry of the Hindoos:—

'This Hindoo pageantry is chiefly seen in the festivals celebrated by the native Christians. Their processions in the streets, always performed in the night-time, have indeed been to me at all times a subject of shame. Accompanied with hundreds of *tom-toms*, (small drums,) trumpets, and all the discordant noisy music of the country; with numberless torches, and fire-works: the statue of the saint, placed on a *car* which is charged with garlands of flowers, and other gaudy ornaments, according to the taste of the country,—the car slowly dragged by a multitude shouting all along the march—the congregation surrounding the car all in confusion, several among them dancing, or playing with small sticks, or with naked swords: some wrestling, some playing the fool: all shouting, or conversing with each other, without any one exhibiting the least sign of respect or devotion. Such is the mode in which the Hindoo Christians in the inland country celebrate their festivals. They are celebrated, however, with a little more decency on the coast. They are all exceedingly pleased with such a mode of worship, and any thing short of such pageantry, such confusion and disorder, would not be liked by them.'

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Journey from Riga to the Crimea, by way of Kiev: with some Account of the Colonization, and the Manners and Customs of the Colonies of New Russia. To which are added Notes relating to the Crim Tartars. By MARY HOLDERNESS. 8vo. pp. 316. London, 1823.

EVER since we read Lady Mary Wortley Montague and Lady Craven, we have been partial to female travellers: if they do not give us the geological components of the mountains, or enter into physical, metaphysical, political, and philosophic reasons why the complexion is darker, the people less informed and worse governed, in one clime than another, they collect a great many interesting features of people and country, which are too apt to escape the more profound traveller. Let us not, however, deceive our readers, or do an act

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of injustice to Mrs. Holderness, by insinuating that she is a superficial observer; on the contrary, she has, to use a homely phrase, travelled 'with her eyes about her.' She has seen much, and described what she saw with great discrimination. But Mrs. Holderness needs not a formal introduction to our readers, since we have met her on the Rialto of criticism before, and then felt so much pleased in her company, that we are happy to renew our acquaintance. The work entitled 'Notes relating to the Crim Tartars,' which we some two years ago noticed very favourably, was generally so well received, that it has induced the author to give to the public the information she collected on the manners and customs of the other inhabitants of Russia. In doing this, she has also had the advantage of much valuable information from a friend, who originally intended to write on the subject, but waved the design in favour of Mrs. H.

The vivacity with which Mrs. Holderness passes from one subject to another, her kind observations, and smart but pleasing descriptions of every thing she meets with, render her work one of the most agreeable volumes of travel we have met with. She never detains you on trifles, or annoys with a long exordium. There is none of 'the dawn is overcast—the morning lowers' style of writing about her; she dashes at once to the subject. With some travellers, what a preparation should we have had to wade through for a journey to the Crimea, while Mrs. Holderness, in the second line, lands us at Bolderà, ten miles distant from Riga. She proceeds to the ordinary at the inn, notices that the dishes are sent up singly, or in pairs, and that the kitchen resembled a blacksmith's shop. At the third page we find her walking round the ramparts of Riga (a permission seldom given to strangers), and enjoying the first clear frost of a Russian winter. With true English feeling she does not forget the one thing needful, and gives us an account of the commerce of Riga, the articles of its imports and exports, &c. The manner in which timber is floated down to Riga is curious:—

'A number of squared trees, perhaps 50, 60, or upwards, are lashed together alongside each other by strong cordage, upon the ice: on this foundation other timber is laid, and then immense quantities of fire-wood, which is cut by the peasantry during the winter months, when other business is suspended; this wood is piled up to the height of 12 or 14 feet, and upon this the peasants who are destined to conduct it, of-

ten with their families, are seen passing up the river. These arriving at Riga nearly about the same time, the middle of May, form a scene highly curious and interesting to the observer, who, if he be a stranger, has his attention doubly excited by the novel mode of transporting these goods, and by seeing at one view, so large a share of the produce of Poland, as the navigation of the Dvina brings to this market.'

'The floating bridge at Riga is one of the objects that most attracts the notice of the stranger; it is 2600 feet in length, and 40 feet in breadth: it is laid down as soon as the river is clear from ice, and taken up when the frost sets in.'

Our author and her travelling companions set out on a journey of 1300 miles in a *britchka*, a sort of small waggon, with a calash or head like a barouche, and a *kibitka*, which is of similar form, but smaller. The journey did not differ much from ordinary travelling in Russia; the country was wild, beautiful, and romantic; the road often laying through avenues of trees, which were not unfrequently covered with snow. At Homil, the country residence of Count Romanzoff, a new mansion has been erected by an Englishman of the name of Clarke, and two or three more English or Scotchmen live in the neighbourhood. The Russian aromatic bath, used for children, is thus described:—

'It is a constant practice here, to put children into a warm bath once or twice a week, until they are about two years old; and the effect during their teething is very excellent. The water is put into a shallow vessel, like a butcher's tray, but rather deeper; and with a quantity of water just deep enough for the child to lie in it without the water coming over its face. A handful of herbs (of which they take care to dry plenty for this and other purposes), is put in, and the boiling water poured over them; a sufficient quantity of cold water is then added, to make it the proper heat. A linen cloth is put in for the child to lie upon, which is then wrapped around his body, to keep those parts warm which are not covered by the water. In this the child is laid for a quarter or half an hour, and they told me sometimes for two hours. The tin baths we have in England, must be preferable for this purpose.'

Some other customs here are worthy of notice:—

'At dinner in Russia, soup is universally the first dish, and without it they never dine; but it is often made sour, and in that case not much relished at first by an English palate. Fish, if to be had, comes next, and then from six to eight or ten dishes follow. It is impossible to tell of what many of these are composed. A joint of meat is never sent to table whole, but cut into slices, and handed round to each person, beginning with the ladies who are vi-

sitors. Poultry and game are also served in the same way: pastry is scarcely seen except in patties, which are sent up to eat with the soup, or a tartlet at the conclusion of the dinner.'

'Previous to the dinner, olives, caviarre, or some sort of pickled fish, with common and bitter brandy, are sent in on a tray, to whet the appetite for that which is to follow. The Russians sit long at dinner, and wine of different sorts is placed on the table, each person helping himself: the dessert, which finishes the dinner, is eaten without the cloth being removed; and the whole party then adjourn to the drawing-room, where coffee is immediately served.'

'The Russian salutation is very contrary to our etiquette. The ladies in meeting, kiss each other on the lips and cheeks; and a lady and gentleman meeting, the latter kisses the hand of the lady, and inclines his cheek towards her, which she kisses: and omitting to do this, is a proof of great distance of manner, arising from either superiority of rank, slight acquaintance, or offence.'

At Kiev, our traveller visited the Monastery of Pestcherskey, and her description of it may serve as a specimen of the splendour of the temples, even in this rude country:—

'It was founded in the eleventh century, and called Pestcherskey, because the monks formerly lived in pestchera, or caverns. On arriving there, the first object that excites attention is the assemblage of devils, which in large paintings adorn the exterior of the building. I shrank, afraid to enter a habitation apparently so guarded, until assured it was only meant to shew how pure and holy must be the sanctuary where the evil genius of man was thus kept without, and not allowed an entrance. "Where," said they, "can these powers of darkness be so effectually excluded, as in a place like this, the residence and repository of saints!" The interior of this building presented a very different aspect; the monks were engaged in prayer; their appearance, and the solemn grandeur of all around, inspired other feelings than those with which we had viewed its exterior; the ground we trod was consecrated by religion, and respect awaited her votaries.'

'This monastery is richly endowed, and its church very splendidly decorated: the body of it is almost covered with paintings, and burnished gold ornaments; the candlestick and chandeliers are all of massy silver, and extremely valuable. The robes, and caps or mitres, worn by their priests, are most superb, and have been given in presents by different parts of the Imperial family, or some of the wealthy nobles, at different times to the church. The robes are of gold or silver brocade, very rich in itself, and ornamented, some by borders of gold work, others with deep bordering of pearls and precious stones of every description. I should in vain attempt to give any idea of their magnificence: one was valued at 250,000 rubles, when the ruble was at

two shillings and sixpence; others at 150,000 rubles, at 100,000 rubles, &c. valuable crosses are also exhibited; and testaments in covers of solid gold, silver, brass, or some other curious or valuable materials. The whole riches of the convent treasury were estimated at twenty-five millions of rubles, when the ruble was half-a-crown.

At this monastery are also the famous catacombs, which so many thousands of infatuated people in the Russian empire, go on foot to visit every year. The preparation for descending into this repository of the dead was more solemn than the scene itself; for the monk accompanying us related such incredible and ridiculous stories of the saints whose relics lay there, that we must have had a more than common share of credulity to have believed them. Every person going down into these vaults purchases a wax taper, and having lighted it, in solemn silence follows the monk, who, as he conducts the visitors through these vaulted sepulchres of the dead, opens the coffin lid, unfolds the shroud, and tells the name of the saint enshrined in that repository: no part of the body is to be seen, of course the flesh is all wasted, and the bones only remain perfect, from having been completely kept from the air; the face and hands are commonly covered with gold or silver tissue, or brocade, or some kind of silk; a cap is placed on the head, of the same material. The coffins are generally of Cypress wood, but some of massy silver, very richly engraved. There are two or three handsome little chapels in these subterraneous passages, built by some of their saints, and consecrated for their hours of private devotion. Several cells are shewn, where they say monks, in a vow of penance, have had themselves walled up, and only a little window left, at which they received daily their bread and water, and there remained until their deaths: in one of the cells are the twelve masons who built the church, and then entered as monks into the monastery.

In another place you are shewn the body, or rather the head and shoulders of a man stuck in the ground: in a vow of penance he dug a hole, in which he placed himself, standing with his hands by his sides, and then had the hole filled, so that only his head, and a little below the shoulders could be seen: here he lived (*they say*) fifteen years, having food and drink brought to him, and a lamp constantly burning by his side: they still allow him a lamp, which burns day and night continually, though he has been dead six or seven hundred years; this, however, they can well afford to do, as he brings a considerable share of the riches of the convent. The cap he wears is supposed to work miracles, and restore the sick; accordingly, hundreds come to visit St. Antonio, and wear his cap, which is frequently the undoubted means of restoring health, though not in the way that enthusiasm and credulity imagine, but by the simple process of being the cause of their taking unusual exercise in the open air, and exercising also a temperance not habitual to them. I

should not omit to mention that St. Antonio is said to sink a little lower in the ground every year, and that the world is to be at an end by the time he entirely disappears.'

From Riga to Odessa, a town founded in 1796 by the late Duc de Richelieu, and now flourishing, and hence to Karagoss, in the Crimea, passed our travellers, without any thing very remarkable occurring. Mrs. H. resided at the Crimea four years; and, under the head of New Russia, the second division of her work, she gives us an interesting account of this country, where she describes civilization as promoted by every means, and Christianity enjoying the encouragement of the monarch and all the nobility. The law officers of New Russia seem to have taken a lesson from Old England. Speaking of the courts, or soods, Mrs. H. says:—

The Russians have a proverb, which runs thus: "*Sood lubeet Zoloto, ah Strapchie srebro*," or, "The sood love gold, and their clerks silver." As I quote from a Russian book published in 1815, I cannot be said to satirize, when I confess my belief of their proverb being a true one; and my knowledge that the government of the Krim is somewhat famous for verifying it. "Which," said a gentleman, who was neither an Englishman nor a Russian—"which of the two do you think most likely to succeed in this cause? My friend is ready to withdraw his claim, if it be not founded in justice and truth." This was the inquiry of a gentleman for his friend, to one of the Zasiedattels. "How much money will your friend give to have it settled?" was the reply. Whatever strictness or conscientious dealing mark the heads of government in the Crimea, the underlings, who live upon such small salaries, take a watchful advantage of every opportunity for increasing them, which their almost unlimited authority so frequently presents them with. "I cannot take your money for what I am going to do," said one of them, when a twenty-five ruble note was offered to him—"it is my duty to do it; but if you choose to make me any present"—a bow, which promised acceptance, finished the speech.

While Mrs. H. was in the Crimea, the Empress Alexander visited it:—

The manner in which his Imperial Majesty travels, and the forms observed throughout his journey, it may be well to notice. Previous to his departure from the capital (where he is seldom very long stationary,) the route he determines to take is marked out, and those places at which he will stop; to these are affixed the date, and time of the day he purposes to be there, from which he seldom deviates: of this list, several copies are printed, and distributed to the different governors of provinces through which the Imperial suite is to pass; the governor distributes these lists to the Espravneks, and it is their duty to assemble all the horses of the district to the different stations, to be

in readiness before the appointed time. This, in a district sometimes containing 20,000 souls, is no inconsiderable office; and in the Crimea is said to have afforded a golden harvest to those who had the trouble of it; for the rich and noble bribed high to be exempted from sending their horses, and those of the poor only were sent to this service.'

Mrs. H. says the Russian peasant is happier than the English one, and that civilization will not raise the Russian boor to a more respectable rank in human existence. All we can say to this is, that it may be so, but we are sorry for it. However, if 'ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'—Of the Greek colonists our author gives an interesting account, as she does of the Germans who have settled here. Of the Bulgarians she observes:—

The Bulgarian shepherd leads a roving and unsettled life, moving about wherever he finds pasture for his sheep, and raising his temporary and lonely habitation, sometimes in the woods, and at other times a short distance from some village of the plain. It never, I believe, happens that one man alone has charge of a flock; two, and often three or more, according to its size are required; and the dog, ever the faithful ally of man, is the watchful guardian of his master's treasure. To a thousand sheep four men are assigned, including the chief shepherd, called *Attaman*; the wages of the men are paid in kind, never in money. Indeed most of the shepherds are more or less proprietors or sharers in the flock, and some of them, who tend their flocks the whole year, possess a thousand sheep, and even more.

The goats kept with the sheep are turned to more profit than those of the Tatar flocks, for they milk them regularly, and make a rich good cheese of the milk, which is preserved in bladders, being put in while warm; it then cuts and eats not unlike the fresh cheese of Cambridgeshire; and is thus kept throughout the year.

I ate once a sort of pudding made of this curd, which some shepherds who had their flocks in the forest of Agirniss prepared for our party; and both cheese and cheese-cakes in the English manner of making, are excellent from this curd. The goats' hair is sometimes but not generally pulled; it is to be bought in the Crimea, and is sent to Constantinople.

They keep a few horses, oxen for the plough or team, and cows, but not in large numbers. Pigs are generally or frequently found in their store yards, some of which they kill and take to market, and others reserve for their own seasons of feasting, or at least for those not set apart for fasts. Poultry is also kept for home consumption, and is seldom to be purchased in their villages.

The men are good shots, and skilled particularly in using the rifle, (which, of Turkish manufacture, may be bought at low prices,) and by their means the markets of Kaffa, and other towns, are frequently

supplied with deer and wild boars. The flesh of the latter is not comparable with that of the home-fed pig; and the former, though esteemed by the Crimean, cannot be by those who have eaten venison in England.'

They are very hospitable, and—

'It is recorded, and believed by all denominations of the superstitious inhabitants of the Crimea, that this quality (hospitability) was the means of preserving a whole village from the dreadful visitation of the plague during the years 1812 and 1813. The belief of the *personification of evil*, is rarely found, though we read of it in all the Eastern tales. The story is as follows: Near midnight a stranger knocked, and obtained admittance, at the cottage of one of these villagers; he begged for food and drink, both of which were freely given to him, and his stay for the remainder of the night pressed; but having refreshed himself, he got up to depart, and thanking them for their reception of him, assured them he would amply repay it. "I am," said he, "the Plague, and during the scourge with which I am come to visit this country, your village shall remain unhurt and untouched amidst surrounding devastation." The promise was fulfilled, and the village escaped the infection, which spread with horrid rapidity around.'

The Armenians, settled in the Crimea, are a nation of shopkeepers:—

'The Karaite Jews, though they receive not Jesus Christ as the promised Messiah, yet aver that they were no way concerned in, or consenting to his death. But though they thus reject the dreadful responsibility entailed on them by the declaration of their forefathers—"His blood be on us and our children," yet, like many others of mankind, they ground their opinions in matter of religion, less upon their own reason and conviction, than on the faith and practice of their ancestors.—"Why should I," said one of these people in conversation, "Why should I suppose my father was mistaken upon a subject which it concerned him as much as myself to be informed upon?"

"Supposing him not to have been mistaken, that is no sufficient cause for your not consulting your own reason in a matter of such great importance: if it was a speculation in which your worldly possessions were hazarded, probably you would think it right to judge for yourself, and should you differ in opinion, would even venture in conduct to oppose him also. How much more essential then, when the interests of time and eternity are equally implicated in the question?" He shrugged his shoulders with a tacit assent to a truth that was yet above his reach.

'The Jewish women are generally handsome, though disfigured by their extremely disagreeable costume, which, abroad, they universally wear, though in England the most part have laid it aside. They are, I believe, the only women in the Crimean towns, who are enough skilled in needle-work to do it for hire; and many of the Jews are tailors.'

'A curious Jewish custom was related to me by a Polish gentleman. The Jews, when first married, wear a shirt of finer texture than ordinary, which, after the wedding-day, is carefully put by unworn till the time of their deaths, when they are uniformly buried in it. So valuable is this shirt in their estimation, and so indispensable a part of their possessions, that in money transactions, when they require to borrow, and have no pledge in gold or pearls to give, they frequently deposit this shirt, which is always a satisfactory security to the lender, as the Jew could not die happy without redeeming it.'

It is seldom we complain of an author's brevity, but really Mrs. Holderness writes so well, and the facts she gives are so interesting, that we should have been glad had they been a little more amplified.

Characteristics; in the Manner of *Roche-foucault's Maxims*. 12mo. pp. 152. London, 1823.

THIS clever little volume is generally, and we believe very justly, ascribed to Mr. Hazlitt. It displays much of his acerbity of manner and peculiarity of expression, and is by no means deficient in originality of thought. In a work of this sort, which ought not to be adapted to a day or to present circumstances, it is to be regretted that the author should have indulged in violent prejudices, or founded his maxims on local or temporary subjects. We have comparisons and contrasts between living actors on points on which public opinion is not agreed, and which therefore form a bad subject for a maxim—which, according to Dr. Johnson, is a general principle, a leading truth. We have also a tirade against the sex, that, we suspect, would not have been inserted, had the new Pygmalion never been 'crossed in love.' The work, however, possesses sufficient merit to compensate, in some degree, for this alienation from delicacy and common sense. In the preface the author gives an excellent definition of the maxim:—

'There is a peculiar *stimulus*, and at the same time a freedom from all anxiety, in this mode of writing. A thought must tell at once, or not at all. There is no opportunity for considering how we shall make out an opinion by labour and prolixity. An observation must be self-evident; or a reason or illustration (if we give one) must be pithy and concise. Each MAXIM should contain the essence or ground-work of a separate essay, but so developed as of itself to suggest a whole train of reflections to the reader; and it is equally necessary to avoid paradox or common-place. The style also must be sententious and epigrammatic, with a certain pointedness and involution of ex-

pression, so as to keep the thoughts distinct, and to prevent them from running endlessly into one another.'

As evidence that the author not only knows the essential properties of a writer of maxims, but that he possesses the sententious and epigrammatic style in no inconsiderable degree, we shall select a few of his characteristics:—

'Those who are the most distrustful of themselves, are the most envious of others; as the most weak and cowardly are the most revengeful.'

'Persons of slender intellectual *stamina* dread competition, as dwarfs are afraid of being run over in the street. Yet vanity often prompts them to hazard the experiment, as women, through fool-hardiness, rush into a crowd.'

'The wish is often "father to the thought:" but we are quite as apt to believe what we dread as what we hope.'

'It is well that there is no one without a fault; for he would not have a friend in the world. He would seem to belong to a different species.'

'People of the greatest gaiety of manners are often the dullest company imaginable. Nothing is so dreary as the serious conversation or writing of a professed wag. So the gravest persons, divines, mathematicians, and so on, make the worst and poorest jokes, puns, &c.'

'The expression of a Frenchman's face is often as melancholy when he is by himself, as it is lively in conversation. The instant he ceases to talk, he becomes "quite chop-fallen."

'Livery-servants (I confess it) are the only people I do not like to sit in company with. They offend not only by their own meanness, but by the ostentatious display of the pride of their masters.'

'Conceit is the most contemptible and one of the most odious qualities in the world. It is vanity driven from all other shifts, and forced to appeal to itself for admiration. An author, whose play has been *damned* over-night, feels a paroxysm of conceit the next morning. Conceit may be defined—a restless, overweening, petty, obtrusive, mechanical delight in our own qualifications, without any reference to their real value, or to the approbation of others, merely because they are our's, and for no other reason whatever. It is the extreme of selfishness and folly.'

'When you find out a man's ruling passion, beware of crossing him in it.'

'The drawing a certain positive line in morals, beyond which a single false step is irretrievable, makes virtue formal, and vice desperate.'

'We find many things, to which the prohibition of them constitutes the only temptation.'

'Honesty is one part of eloquence. We persuade others by being in earnest ourselves.'

'Truth from the mouth of an honest man, or severity from a good-natured one, has a double effect.'

'I had rather be deformed, than a dwarf and well made. The one may be attributed to accident; the other looks like a deliberate insult on the part of nature.'

'Personal deformity, in the well-disposed, produces a fine, placid expression of countenance; in the ill-tempered and peevish, a keen, sarcastic one.'

'Wit is the rarest quality to be met with among people of education, and the most common among the uneducated.'

'Are we to infer from this, that wit is a vulgar faculty or that people of education are proportionably deficient in liveliness and spirit?

'We seldom hear and seldom make a witty remark. Yet we read nothing else in Congreve's plays.'

'Those who object to wit are envious of it.'

'The persons who make the greatest outcry against bad puns, are the very same who also find fault with good ones. A bad pun at least generally leads to a wise remark—that it is a bad one.'

We have already said that our author is severe on the sex, and 'all things shew it.' He says:—

'Women have as little imagination as they have reason. They are pure egotists. They cannot go out of themselves. There is no instance of a woman having done anything great in poetry or philosophy. They can act tragedy, because this depends very much on the physical expression of the passions—they can sing, for they have flexible throats and nice ears—they can write romances about love—and talk for ever about nothing.'

'Women are not philosophers or poets, patriots, moralists, or politicians—they are simply women.'

'Women have a quicker sense of the *ridiculous* than men, because they judge from immediate impressions, and do not wait for the explanation that may be given of them.'

Perhaps an affair to which we have already alluded may have thrown him into despair of the future favour of the sex, since one of his maxims is that 'If a man is disliked by one woman, he will succeed with none. The sex, one and all, have the same secret, or free-masonry, in judging of men.'

Some of our author's characteristics are rather anecdotes than maxims, and others of a mixed character; such are the following:—

'An English officer, who had been engaged in an intrigue in Italy, going home one night, stumbled over a man fast asleep on the stairs. It was a bravo who had been hired to assassinate him. Such, in this man, was the force of conscience!'

'An eminent artist having succeeded in a picture which drew crowds to admire it, received a letter from a shuffling old relation in these terms,—"Dear cousin, now you may draw good bills with a vengeance." Such is the force of habit! This

man only wished to be Raphael that he might carry on his old trade of drawing bills.'

'Fontenelle said,—"If his hand were full of truths, he would not open his fingers to let them out." Was this a satire on truth or on mankind?

'More remarks are made upon any one's dress, looks, &c. in walking twenty yards along the streets of Edinburgh, or other provincial towns, than in passing from one end of London to the other.'

'There is less impertinence and more independence in London than in any other place in the kingdom.'

Some of our author's maxims are uncharitable, and others of more than questionable correctness. Thus he says, 'the public have neither shame nor gratitude,' and that 'we as often repent the good we have done as the ill—maxims against which we protest; though we most cordially agree with him in another of his maxims, that—'If goodness were only a theory, it were a pity it should be lost to the world.'

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Historical View of the Literature of the South of Europe. By J. C. L. ST-MONDE DE SISMONDI. Translated by THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq.

(Concluded from p. 467.)

WE concluded our former notice of Sismondi's able 'View of the Literature of the South of Europe' with an account of the Troubadours. The romances of chivalry, the poetry of the Trouvères, with a highly interesting account of the origin and nature of the mysteries and moralities, follow. In the second volume the author traces the progress of Italian literature from the fourteenth century to the present time, and gives a critical examination of the works and talents of all the most eminent writers, from Dante and Boccaccio to Alfieri. Boccaccio and his *Decameron*, perhaps, were never more correctly estimated than in the following sketch:—

'Giovanni Boccaccio was born at Paris, in 1313, and was the natural son of a merchant of Florence, himself born at Certaldo, a castle in the Val d'Elsa, in the Florentine territory. His father had intended him for a commercial life, but before devoting him to it, indulged him with a literary education. From his earliest years, Boccaccio evinced a decided predilection for letters. He wrote verses, and manifested an extreme aversion to trade. He revolted equally at the prospect of a commercial life, and the study of the canon law, which his father was desirous of his undertaking. To oblige his father, however, he made several journeys of business; but he brought back with him, instead of a love for his employment, a more extended information, and an increased passion for study. He at length obtained permission to devote himself wholly to literature, and fixed on Naples as his place

of residence, where letters then flourished under the powerful protection of Robert, the reigning monarch. He was quickly initiated in all the sciences at that time taught. He acquired also the rudiments of the Greek tongue, which, though then spoken in Calabria, was an abstruse study with the early scholars. In 1341, he assisted at the celebrated examination of Petrarch, which preceded his coronation at Rome; and, from that time, a friendship arose between him and the poet, which terminated only with their lives. At this period, Boccaccio, distinguished no less for the elegance of his person than for the brilliancy of his wit, and devoted to pleasure, formed an attachment to a natural daughter of King Robert, named Maria, who for several years had been the wife of a Neapolitan gentleman. This lady he has celebrated in his writings, under the name of Fiammetta. In the attachment of Boccaccio, we must not look for that purity or delicacy which distinguished Petrarch in his love for Laura. This princess had been brought up in the most corrupt court of Italy; she herself partook of its spirit, and it is to her depraved taste that the exceptionable parts of the *Decameron*, a work undertaken by Boccaccio in compliance with her request, and for her amusement, are to be attributed. On his side, Boccaccio probably loved her as much from vanity as from real passion; for, although distinguished for her beauty, her grace, and her wit, as much as for her rank, she does not seem to have exercised any extraordinary influence on his life; and neither the conduct nor the writings of Boccaccio afford evidence of a sincere or profound attachment. Boccaccio quitted Naples in 1342, to return to Florence. He came back again in 1344, and returned for the last time in 1350. From that year, he fixed himself in his native country, where his reputation had already assigned him a distinguished rank. His life was thenceforth occupied by his public employments in several embassies; by the duties which his increasing friendship to Petrarch imposed on him; and by the constant and indefatigable labours to which he devoted himself for the advancement of letters, the discovery of ancient manuscripts, the elucidation of subjects of antiquity, the introduction of the Greek language into Italy, and the composition of his numerous works. After taking the ecclesiastical habit, in 1361, he died at Certaldo, in the mansion of his ancestors, on the 21st of December, 1375, at the age of sixty-two.'

'The *Decameron*, the work to which Boccaccio is at the present day indebted for his highest celebrity, is a collection of one hundred novels or tales. He has ingeniously united them, under the supposition of a party formed in the dreadful pestilence of 1348, composed of a number of cavaliers, and young, intelligent, and accomplished women, retired to a delightful part of the country, to escape the contagion. It was there agreed that each person, during the space of ten days, should narrate, daily, a fresh story. The company

consisted of ten persons, and thus the number of stories amounted to one hundred. The description of the enchanting country in the neighbourhood of Florence, where these gay recluses had established themselves; the record of their walks, their numerous *fêtes*, and their repasts, afforded Boccaccio an opportunity of displaying all the treasures of his powerful and easy pen. These stories, which are varied with infinite art, as well in subject as in style, from the most pathetic and tender to the most sportive, and, unfortunately, the most licentious, exhibit a wonderful power of narration; and his description of the plague in Florence, which serves as an introduction to them, may be ranked with the most celebrated historical descriptions which have descended to us. The perfect truth of colouring; the exquisite choice of circumstances, calculated to produce the deepest impression, and which place before our eyes the most repulsive scenes, without exciting disgust; and the emotion of the writer, which insensibly pervades every part, give to this picture that true eloquence of history which, in Thucydides, animates the relation of the plague in Athens. Boccaccio had, doubtless, this model before his eyes; but the events, to which he was a witness, had vividly impressed his mind, and it was the faithful delineation of what he had seen, rather than the classical imitation, which served to develop his talent.

One cannot but pause in astonishment, at the choice of so gloomy an introduction to effusions of so gay a nature. We are amazed at such an intoxicated enjoyment of life, under the threatened approach of death; at such irrepressible desire in the bosom of man to divert the mind from sorrow; and at the torrent of mirth which inundates the heart, in the midst of horrors which should seem to wither it up. As long as we feel delight in nourishing feelings that are in unison with a melancholy temperament, we have not yet felt the overwhelming weight of real sorrow. When experience has, at length, taught us the substantial griefs of life, we then first learn the necessity of resisting them: and, calling the imagination to our aid, to turn aside the shafts of calamity, we struggle with our sorrow, and treat it as an invalid, from whom we withdraw every object which may remind him of the cause of his malady. With regard to the stories themselves, it would be difficult to convey an idea of them by extracts, and impossible to preserve, in a translation, the merits of their style. The praise of Boccaccio consists in the perfect purity of his language, in his elegance, his grace, and, above all, in that *naïveté*, which is the chief merit of narration, and the peculiar charm of the Italian tongue. Unfortunately, Boccaccio did not prescribe to himself the same purity in his images as in his phraseology. The character of his work is light and sportive. He has inserted in it a great number of tales of gallantry; he has exhausted his powers of ridicule on the duped husband, on the depraved and depraving monks, and on subjects, in morals and religious worship,

which he himself regarded as sacred; and his reputation is thus little in harmony with the real tenor of his conduct. The Decameron was published towards the middle of the fourteenth century (in 1352 or 1353), when Boccaccio was at least thirty-nine years of age; and from the first discovery of printing, was freely circulated in Italy, until the Council of Trent proscribed it, in the middle of the sixteenth century. At the solicitation of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and after two remarkable negotiations between this prince and Popes Pius V. and Sixtus V., the Decameron was again published, in 1573 and 1582, purified and corrected.

Many of the tales of Boccaccio appear to be borrowed from popular recitation, or from real occurrences. We trace the originals of several, in the ancient French *fabliaux*; of some, in the Italian collection of the *Centi Novelli*; and of others, again, in an Indian romance, which passed through all the languages of the East, and of which a Latin translation appeared as early as the twelfth century, under the name of *Dolopathos*, or the King and the Seven Wise Men. Invention, in this class of writing, is not less rare than in every other; and the same tales, probably, which Boccaccio had collected in the gay courts of princes, or in the squares of the cities of Italy, have been repeated to us anew in all the various languages of Europe. They have been versified by the early poets of France and England, and have afforded reputation to three or four imitators of Boccaccio. But if Boccaccio cannot boast of being the inventor of these tales, he may still claim the creation of this class of letters. Before his time, tales were only subjects of social mirth. He was the first to transport them into the world of letters; and, by the elegance of his diction, the just harmony of all the parts of his subject, and the charm of his narration, he superadded the more refined gratifications of language and of art, to the simpler delight afforded by the old narrators.'

In the history of the Italian comedy, M. Sismondi notices the singular success attending the pantomimic sketch of the 'Three Oranges,' by Count Carlo Gozzi:—

In 1761, he presented the company of players, entitled *Sacchi*, with his dramatic sketch of the *Three Oranges*, leaving the subordinate parts to be filled up by the humour and imagination so abundantly displayed by these admirable actors; who, further inspired by the personal dislike which they felt towards the objects of their parody, played it with the greatest success.

The scene of the *Three Oranges* is laid in the kingdom and at the court of the King of Diamonds, who appears in all his mock majesty and gravity, very exactly copied from his prototype in cards. Tartaglia, the hereditary prince of Diamonds, is in the last stage of melancholy, owing to the dark enchantments of a wicked fairy (the Abbate Chiari), who is destroying the prince by a slow poison of the *versi Martelliani*,

drop by drop. The same fairy is in league with the ambitious knave of diamonds, and with Clarice, the lady of his affections, representing, I believe, the queen of spades, who flatter themselves with the hope of succeeding to the crown. Tartaglia has not the least chance of recovery, unless he can be made to laugh; and another enchanter (Goldoni) has dispatched Truffaldino, a black mask, to the court, who employs his art in tempting the prince to smile. So far, the piece was a direct and almost undisguised satire upon Goldoni and Chiari. Their appearance on the stage was accompanied by a parody of their language, and the turn of their ideas; and the conceited and pompous manner of Chiari, and the technical phrases of Goldoni, were equally the object of ridicule. The remaining characters were all burlesques of the dramas of these two authors, and the malice of the actors took a secret pleasure in supplying the satire, of which the malice of the spectators was always ready to make the application.

But the author, having founded the idea of his parody upon an enchantment, naturally enough connected the action with that fairy world, so universally known. He selected a fairy tale of very general repute in Venice, most probably to be met with in the *Cabinet des Fées*, entitled *The Loves of the Three Oranges*. Tartaglia, recovering from his melancholy by a sudden fit of laughter, is seized with a desire of undertaking the conquest of the *Three Oranges*, preserved in the castle of the fairy Creonta, whose history he had heard during his illness. His expedition for their discovery and conquest, with all the wonderful events which follow, were intended, by their author, as a series of satirical reflections upon different works of Goldoni and Chiari. While assisting at their representation, Count Gozzi was surprised to observe the pleasing effect of the supernatural portion of the spectacle upon the audience, which he had been so far from contemplating, that he had inserted it only by way of interlude, with little variation from the fairy tale, in the manner that it is related by good housewives and beldams, to beguile their nursery hours. The fairy Creonta summonses her dog: "Go, bite the thief who stole my oranges!" and the dog replies, "Why should I bite him? he gave me something to eat, while you have kept me here, months and years, dying of hunger." The fairy then turns to the well: "Rope, bind the thief who stole my oranges!" The cord, rising up, thus replies: "Why should I bind him who hung me in the sun to dry, while you have left me for months and years to moulder in a corner?" The fairy then commands the iron gate of the castle: "Crush the thief who stole my oranges!" but the gate replies, "Why should I crush him who oiled me, while you have left me here so long to rust?" Yet, during the whole of this dialogue, the audience was rapt in pleasure and attention, listening to a marvellous tale, known to every one before, and following it with loud applause. But the admiring

tion was at its height when Truffaldino came forward with fresh prodigies; and on cutting two of the oranges, there stepped forth two beautiful young ladies, who very soon died of thirst. On Tartaglia proceeding to cut the third orange, by the side of a fountain, a third princess made her appearance, to whom he lost no time in giving something to drink, as it appears she was destined, after many more adventures, to become his wife. She is transformed into a dove before the eyes of the spectators, and it is some time before she can again recover her natural figure.

It was thus accidentally, that Count Gozzi acquired a knowledge of the use which might be made of the love of the marvellous, and of the admiration of the people for deceptions and metamorphoses accomplished on a great scale, upon the stage; in a word, of the emotions which attend the revival of the early fictions familiar to our childhood. While the *Sacchi* company was thus replenishing its funds by repeated representations of *The Three Oranges*, Gozzi more seriously devoted himself to the new species of drama which he had just discovered. He selected for the stage all the fairy tales that appeared to him best calculated to produce a brilliant effect. He dramatized them, and gave them to the public, accompanied with such magnificence of decoration and surprising machinery, as did not fail to draw forth testimonies of its liveliest applause. The humour of the actors, and the animation and interest which the author contrived to throw into these time-worn fictions, gave them all the effect of a trag-i-comedy, equally interesting and amusing.



Memoirs of General Count Rapp, First Aide-de-Camp to Napoleon. Written by Himself, and Published by his Family.

(Concluded from p. 488.)

THE Russian campaign of 1812-13, though frequently chronicled, receives some interesting additions from the sketchy 'Memoirs of Rapp.' We shall not, however, fight those battles over again, but extract a few of the most striking features. Nothing could exceed the activity of Bonaparte in this campaign: the movements, the administrations, the measures of security and precaution, all were directed by him; to use the words of our author, 'he embraced every thing, he was equal to every thing.' The battle of Smolensko affords a fine specimen of the brevity and terseness of Rapp's narrative:—

'The affair of Smolensko took place. The battle was obstinate, the cannonade violent. The Russians, taken in flank and enfiladed, were defeated. They could not defend those walls which so many times had witnessed their victories; they evacuated them; but the bridges and public buildings were a prey to the flames. The churches in parti-

cular poured out torrents of fire and smoke. The domes, the spires, and the multitude of small towers which arose above the conflagration, added to the effect of the picture, and produced those ill-defined emotions which are only to be found on the field of battle. We entered the place. It was half consumed, of a barbarous appearance, encumbered with the bodies of the dead and wounded, which the flames had already reached. The spectacle was frightful. What a train is that of glory!

'We were obliged to turn our views from these scenes of slaughter. The Russians were flying; our cavalry rushed to the pursuit, and soon came up with the rear-guard. Korff attempted to make a stand; he was overwhelmed. Barclay came forward with his masses. We, on our side, received reinforcements; the action became terrible: Ney attacked in front, Junot on the flank: the enemy's army would have been cut off if the duke had pressed forward. Weary with not seeing him appear, Murat ran to him. "What are you about? Why do you not come on?" "My Westphalians are wavering." "I will give them an impetus." The King of Naples put himself at the head of a few squadrons, charged, and overthrew every thing that opposed him. "There is thy marshal's staff half gained; complete the work, the Russians are lost." Junot did not complete it; whether from fatigue or distrust, the brave of the brave slumbered amidst the sound of the cannon, and the enemy, who were coming up to support their rear, again fell back on their line. The engagement became terrible; the brave Gudin lost his life, and the Russian army escaped us. Napoleon visited the places where the battle had been fought. "It was not at the bridge—it is there—at the village, where the eighth corps ought to have debouched—that the battle hinged. What was Junot doing?" The King of Naples endeavoured to extenuate his fault: the troops, the obstacles, all the customary common-places were employed. Berthier, who had always loved the duke, interested himself for him; Caulaincourt did the same. Every one pleaded to the utmost in favour of a brave man who could be reproached with nothing but a moment of forgetfulness. But the advantages we had lost were too great. Napoleon sent for me. "Junot has just lost for ever his marshal's staff. I give you the command of the Westphalian corps: you speak their language, you will show them an example, you will make them fight." I was flattered with this mark of confidence, and expressed my sense of it; but Junot was covered with wounds, he had signalized himself in Syria, in Egypt, every where; I begged the emperor to forget a moment's absence of mind on account of twenty years' courage and devotion. "He is the cause of the Russian army not having laid down its arms. This affair will, perhaps, hinder me from going to Moscow. Put yourself at the head of the Westphalians." The tone with which he pronounced these last words was already much softened. The services of the old aide-de-camp extenuated

the inactivity of the 8th corps. I resumed: "Your majesty has just talked to me of Moscow. The army is not in expectation of such an expedition." "The glass is full, I must drink it off. I have just received good news: Schwarzenberg is in Wolhania, Poland is organizing, I shall have every kind of assistance."

Rapp is rather severe against Russian superstition; he quotes Napoleon in ridicule of the Russian patriarch presenting a relic of St. Sergius, the ancient defender of the happiness of Russia, to the Emperor Alexander, and adds,—

'Te Deums were often sung in Russia; they are sung for every thing in that happy country: but the victories after Tolly's fashion did not calm the anxiety of the nation; she perceived that this mode of conquering would soon drive her into Siberia; she resolved to put her destinies into other hands. Kutusow drew from the feet of images his military inspirations; he fasted, he prayed, he flattered the priests and the nobility; Heaven could not refuse him its assistance: he was appointed. Admirable in courts, pasquinades are not sufficient on the field of battle; all religious mummeries are of no avail against a good manœuvre: he experienced it. The King of Naples, who had a soldier's contempt for amulets, attacks him and cuts his troops to pieces. He wished to make a stand at Chevarino, but the cavalry is put in motion, the charge is sounded, he is overturned, and thrown back on his intrenchments; courage overpowers the saints of Russia. This beginning did not augur well; Heaven answered coldly to the zeal of the Cossacks. Supplications were redoubled; Kutusow displayed his images; the army defiled before the virgin of Smolensko, of which we wished to dispossess the devout nation.'

Again,—

'The sword of Saint Michael is undoubtedly a formidable sword, but active soldiers are of still more consequence; Kutusow did not therefore spare libations; he proportionably increased the fervour of the Cossacks. As for us, we had no inspired men, no preachers, not even subsistence; but we bore the inheritance of a long glory; we were going to decide whether the Tartars or ourselves were to give laws to the world; we were on the confines of Asia, farther than any European army had ever gone. Success was not doubtful: thus Napoleon saw, with the most lively joy, the processions of Kutusow. "Good," he observed to me, "they are now busy with pasquinades, they shall not escape us again."

The night before the battle of Borodino, Napoleon said to Rapp, who slept in his tent,—

'We shall have an affair to day with this famous Kutusow. You recollect, no doubt, that it was he who commanded at Bräunau, in the campaign of Austerlitz. He remained three weeks in that place, without leaving his chamber once. He did not even get on horseback to see the fortifications.

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General Benigsen, though as old, is a more vigorous fellow than he. I do not know why Alexander has not sent this Hanoverian to replace Barclay." He took a glass of punch, read some reports, and added, "Well, Rapp, do you think that we shall manage our concerns properly to-day?"—"There is not the least doubt of it, sire; we have exhausted all our resources, we are obliged to conquer." Napoleon continued his discourse, and replied: "Fortune is a liberal mistress; I have often said so, and begin to experience it."

This battle, in which fifty thousand men were killed in a few hours, is dismissed in two or three pages; nor does even the destruction of the capital of the czars occupy more. So pithy and so important, however, are these pages, that we must quote the better part of them, and first of the battle of Borodino:

"The wings were composed of Italians and Poles; Napoleon acted on the left of the enemy's masses. Beyond this we had no precise information; women, children, old people, cattle, all had disappeared; there was not a person left who could give us the least information. Ney marched towards the enemy, and broke through them with that force, that impetuosity, of which he had given so many proofs. We carried the three redoubts which supported the enemy. He came up with fresh troops; confusion began in our ranks; we gave up two of these works; the last even was in danger. The Russians already crowned the crest of the ditches. The King of Naples sees the danger, flies to the spot, alights from his horse, enters, mounts the parapet; he calls and animates the soldiers. The redoubt is strengthened, the fire becomes terrible, the assailants dare not try the assault. Some squadrons appear; Murat mounts his horse, charges, routs the columns scattered over the plain. We retake the retrenchments, and finally establish ourselves in them. This trait of boldness decided the fate of the day."

"General Compans had just been wounded; I went to take the command of his division. It made a part of the corps d'armée of Marshal Davoust. It had already taken one of the intrenched positions of the enemy; it had also suffered much. I consulted, on my arrival, with Marshal Ney, whose right I supported. Our troops were in confusion, we rallied them, we rushed headlong on the Russians, we made them expiate their success. Neither discharges of cannon nor musquetry could stop us."

The fire of Moscow:—

"The Russian army retreated towards the capital: it made some resistance at Mojaisk, and arrived at Moscow. We took this city without striking a blow. Murat entered it in the train of the Cossacks, discoursed with their chiefs, and even gave a watch to one of them. They were expressing the admiration which his courage excited in them, and the dejection that a series of misfortunes produces, when some discharges of musquetry were heard: it was from a few

hundred citizens who had taken arms. They themselves put an end to this useless firing, and continued their retreat.

"Napoleon entered the next day. He fixed his quarters in the Kremlin, with a part of his guard, and the persons of his household; but we were so badly accommodated that I was obliged to take another lodging. I settled myself at some distance, in a house which belonged to a member of the Nareschkin family. I arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon. The town was still complete: the custom-house alone was a prey to the flames, which devoured it before any Frenchman appeared; but night came on—it was the signal for the fire. Left and right, every where there was a blaze; public buildings, temples, private property, all were in flames. The conflagration was general—nothing was to escape. The wind blew with violence; the fire made rapid progress. At midnight the blaze was so terrific, that my aides-de-camp waked me; they supported me; I reached a window, from which I beheld the spectacle, which was becoming frightful. The fire was advancing towards us: at four o'clock I was informed that I must remove from my quarters. I left them; a few moments after, the house was reduced to ashes. I ordered them to conduct me in the direction of the Kremlin; every thing was in confusion. I returned back and went to the quarters of the Germans. A house belonging to a Russian general had been appointed for me; I hoped to be able to stay there to recover from my wounds; but when I arrived, volumes of fire and smoke were already issuing from it. I did not go in; I returned once more to the Kremlin. On the road I perceived some Russian artisans and soldiers, who were dispersed about in the houses, and were employed in setting fire to them: our patroles killed some of them in my presence, and arrested a considerable number."

General Rapp invariably describes Bonaparte as manifesting much feeling; he was kind to this officer, and would make him travel in one of his carriages in leaving Moscow; he was very anxious that his sick and wounded should not be left in Russia, observing, 'I would give all the treasures of Russia not to leave a single wounded man behind;' and, in his orders to Mortier, to whom the care of the wounded was entrusted, he tells him, that 'he will deserve as many civic crowns as he can save soldiers.' At the moment that the battle of the Moskowa commenced, Napoleon showed Rapp a medallion of the King of Rome, exclaiming, with parental pride and fondness, 'my son is the finest child in France.'

In the retreat from Krasnoi,—

"Napoleon marched on foot at the head of his guard, and often talked of Ney; he called to mind his *coup d'ait*, so accurate and true, his courage proof against every thing, in short, all the qualities which made

him so brilliant on the field of battle.—"He is lost. Well! I have three hundred millions in the Tuilleries, I would give them if he were restored to me."—He fixed his head-quarters at Dombrowna. He lodged with a Russian lady who had the courage not to abandon her house. I was on duty that day: the emperor sent for me towards one o'clock in the morning; he was very much dejected; it was difficult for him not to be so; the scene was frightful. He observed to me, "my affairs are going on very badly; these poor soldiers rend my heart; I cannot, however, relieve them."—There was a cry of "to arms!"—Firing was heard; every thing was in an uproar. "Go, see what it is," Napoleon said to me with the greatest *sang froid*; "I am sure that they are some rogues of Cossacks who want to hinder us from sleeping." It was in reality a false alarm. He was not satisfied with some personages whom I abstain from naming.—"What a set of tragedy kings, without energy, courage, or moral force! Have I been able to deceive myself to such a degree? To what men have I trusted myself? Poor Ney; with whom have I matched thee?"

* * * * *

"We arrived at Oudinot's head-quarters: day was just beginning to dawn; the emperor conversed a moment with the marshal, took some refreshment, and gave orders. Ney took me apart; we went out together; he said to me, in German, "Our situation is unparalleled; if Napoleon extricates himself to-day, he must have the devil in him." We were very uneasy, and there was sufficient cause. The King of Naples came to us, and was not less solicitous. "I have proposed to Napoleon," he observed to us, "to save himself, and cross the river at a few leagues distance from hence. I have some Poles who would answer for his safety, and would conduct him to Wilna, but he rejects the proposal, and will not even hear it mentioned. As for me, I do not think we can escape." We were all three of the same opinion. Murat replied, "We will all get over; we can never think of surrendering." While conversing, we perceived the enemy were filing off; their masses had disappeared, the fires were extinguished, nothing more than the ends of the columns, which were lost in the wood, were seen, and from five to six hundred Cossacks that were scattered on the plain. We examined with the telescope; we were convinced that the camp was raised. I went to Napoleon, who was conversing with Marshal Oudinot.—"Sire, the enemy have left their position."—"That is impossible." The King of Naples and Marshal Ney arrived, and confirmed what I had just announced. The emperor came out from his barrack, cast his eye on the other side of the river. "I have outwitted the admiral (he could not pronounce the name Tchitschagoff); he believes me to be at the point where I ordered the false attack; he is running to Borisow." His eyes sparkled with joy and impatience; he urged the erection of the bridges, and mounted twenty pieces

of cannon in battery. These were commanded by a brave officer with a wooden leg, called Brechtel; a ball carried it off during the action, and knocked him down. "Look," he said, to one of his gunners, "for another leg, in waggon No. 5." He fitted it on, and continued his firing.

General Rapp, after innumerable hardships, got safe to Dantzig, where, for the present, we must leave him.

—♦♦♦—
Critica Biblica; comprising Remarks, illustrative, critical, and philological, on the Sacred Scriptures. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. 8vo. London, 1823.

WHATEVER is calculated to explain or illustrate the Sacred Scriptures is deserving of encouragement,—not that we think the Bible so much of a sealed book as it is represented, or that it stands in need of the sectarian commentaries to which it is often subjected.

The object of the work before us is to give illustrations of the geography, natural history, manners, customs, religion, polity, &c. of the Jews and other oriental nations; dissertations on the signification of words and phrases; the style and composition of the sacred penmen; and other topics connected with the criticism of the Old and New Testaments; critical notices introductory to the study of the Scriptures, comprising prolegomena, &c. to the various books; a defence of revelation against the objections of infidels, including proofs of the authenticity and genuineness of the Bible, &c.

From the three numbers we have seen, we consider the 'Critica Biblica' a laudable and well-conducted work.

Foreign Literature.

PRIDE AND IGNORANCE.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

PANPHILE, a respectable citizen of Salerno, a virtuous enlightened man, not opulent, but possessing a competency, lived happily at home. His motto was that of Horace—*aurea mediocritas*.—Left a widower in the prime of life, with an only son,—this image of his beloved wife, this interesting pledge of their love, became the object of all his thoughts and affections. The young Theotime was twelve years of age, and fond of study; consequently, the pains which his father took to form his heart and adorn his mind were not ill-bestowed. The tutor's zeal and the scholar's progress kept pace with each other, and joy and happiness were the result. Panphile had so much confidence in his son's discretion, that he left him at full liberty

in his choice of books, both ancient and modern.

One day, Theotime entered his father's apartment, his countenance beaming with joy, and exclaimed,—"Ah! papa, what a beautiful thing I have been reading! what a happy idea! what a useful discovery!"—"Well, my son, what is it?"—"Oh! how delightful!"—but I dare not—"—"Speak."—"I fear you will ridicule me."—"No, no; speak, go on."—"You will say it is a folly, but really I think it a desirable folly."—"A desirable folly! I cannot understand you; explain yourself."—"Well, I obey."—He then related the story of Momus, who, chosen as umpire between Neptune, Minerva, and Vulcan, the first of whom had produced a bull, the second a house, and the third a man, gave the palm to the latter; at the same time remarking to Vulcan, that he ought to have opened a little window in the man's heart, in order that hatred or friendship, truth or falsehood, might be easily discerned there."—"Well, papa, is not Momus's idea both ridiculous and brilliant."—"Ridiculous, indeed;—but far from brilliant."—"What! papa, *the little window*?"—"Is quite useless, and might do harm."—"Do harm?"—

"Yes, my child, it would destroy all friendship."—"Oh! papa, you would always be my friend!"—"Very true," said Panphile, embracing him, "but you must agree that the window is at least not necessary: as a testimony of this is the following line of some poet:

"Congli occhi della mente il cor si vede."

"With the eye of the mind the heart is seen."

You are at present too young to feel the force of this truth, but you will one day acknowledge, with me, that study, experience, and observation, enable us to discover, in the eyes and countenance of a man, the thoughts and feelings he would conceal in his heart."—"Do you really think so?"—"I hope to be able to prove the truth of my assertion in the course of our walk: let us therefore set out."

Panphile and his son proceeded towards the great square of the city; here the attention of Theotime was quickly arrested by a man magnificently dressed, whose countenance was proud, his gait grave, and, though bowed to by every one, he either did not return their salutations, or did so disdainfully. "What do you think of that man," said Panphile to his son. "I think he must be some great personage renowned for his birth, talents, and virtues."—"For his birth, perhaps; but not for his virtues nor his talents.—Observe the homage

that is offered to him, and to which he vouchsafes no attention; he is either a coxcomb or a fool!"—"Papa, what are you venturing to say?"—"The truth." Whilst uttering these words, Panphile saw one of his friends, a banker, named Cratillo, who, approaching the proud noble, whispered familiarly in his ear, and received from him a bow of protection, upon which he retired with a profound obeisance. Panphile accosted his friend, and questioned him concerning this stranger: Cratillo informed him that he was a Sicilian prince, and that he was going to his house in the afternoon to pay him a bill of exchange. Upon this Panphile begged that he would contrive some means of enabling him and his son to observe more nearly this prodigy of pride and vanity, which Cratillo promised to do. Accordingly, Theotime and Panphile, disguised as stock-brokers, accompanied Cratillo to the hotel of the Sicilian prince. He had just risen from table when the banker and his two agents were announced; impatient to receive his money, he ordered them to be introduced immediately. They entered, and found the coxcomb extended on a sofa covered with an elegant robe-de-chambre, his pipe in his mouth, and he raving and swearing at his valet, but without turning his head or making the least movement. Cratillo, Panphile, and Theotime advanced, and placed themselves in front of him, bowing profoundly; he noticed them with a gruff 'good day,' but did not move.—In the room, which was very small, were six straw chairs; three of them were covered with the coats, boots, and arms of the Sicilian prince; the other three, which were close to the sofa, were occupied by a great dog, a comedian, and a little monkey, three of his highness's favourites; 'You have brought my money,' said he to Cratillo, without looking at him: 'Yes, your highness.' Whilst Cratillo was counting the money into the Sicilian's lap, Panphile and Theotime presented him a book, to put his signature at the bottom of a receipt, which was ready written. The coxcomb appeared embarrassed, pretended not to see them, and did not sign the receipt. Just then a lackey entered in great haste and announced a bookseller; 'Shew the rascal in,' said his master. The bookseller made his appearance, and presented him with a new work in four volumes. 'What a horrible binding!' cried the prince; he then opened the book and read,—'The Works of Demosthenes translated into Italian.'

• What nonsense have we here? I want no French authors: I like none but ancient writers! what say you, my dear Pascal?" (the name of the comedian). • Your highness is quite right.'—'Surely your highness must be mistaken, or else you are joking,' said the bookseller. • What! I mistaken,—I joking, with a wretch like you: holla, there, drive this fellow out of the house immediately.' The bookseller attempted a reply, but his voice was drowned by the cries of the prince and the clamour of his valets, who drove the poor man away with the greatest violence. Cratillo, Panphile, and Theotime stifled their laughter, and stood waiting for the signature. At length the prince seemed disposed to write his name, and, for that purpose, he endeavoured to place himself on the sofa in a convenient posture; this, however, he was not able to do; he therefore rose, walked to the table, pretended to write, stopped, called his secretary, but he did not appear. The prince flew into a violent passion and was getting outrageous, when a footman came running with a note of great importance, to which an immediate answer was required.—'Zounds! where is my secretary? My dear Pascal, write an answer in my name.' The comedian bowed, pleaded great haste, begged to be excused, and left the apartment. Neither of them knew how to write!

Cratillo, Panphile, and Theotime, seeing it was impossible to get the signature, retired without waiting for the surly 'Good day' of the enraged nobleman. As soon as they were in the street they all three exclaimed, 'Demosthenes a Frenchman and a modern!' 'Not know how to write! Not able to sign his name!'—'Well, my son,' said Panphile, 'I think that you have been able, without the aid of the *little window*, to read in the heart of this *great personage*, "Pride and Ignorance." You perceive that he is every way fit to pass his life with dogs, buffoons, and monkeys.'

Original.

ON JUVENILE PUBLICATIONS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—In the present age of general improvement, no point is more assiduously attended to than the instruction of youth, and the press almost daily teems with some new publication adapted to this laudable end. Volume after volume loads the counter of the publishers of juvenile works, while the windows of the minor venders of mental refreshment display a rich and splendid as-

sortment of story-books, both in prose and verse, adorned with a tempting profusion of *elegantly-coloured engravings*, in which appear a glaring combination of blue, yellow, green, and red, calculated to attract the eager eyes of picture-loving masters and misses, as, during the long-protracted vacations at the numerous establishments that surround the overgrown metropolis, they are perambulating the streets with their papas and mamas.

Here we see the 'human form divine' tortured into the letters of the alphabet; there the forms of various animals, fruits, &c. obscured by their initial letters; while below, in barbarous rhymes (which the pupil is unable to decypher), is set forth the ingenious and witty allusion:—

'A was an apple that hung so high,
But we'll pull it down to make us a pie,' &c.

Many other works of a similar nature might be noticed, which, however well meant by their authors, are equally inadequate to the intended purpose, since the attention of the pupil is wholly directed to the picture, instead of the letter, and, with regard to the poetry which accompanies it, cannot be expected to understand words till he has learnt his *letters*. Oh! for the humble horn-book of our forefathers!

But to leave abecedarianism, and pass to a more enlightened period: on which I would observe, that the elements of reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, &c. are studied with a facility and dispatch unknown to former days. On the works of Pinnock, Blair, Butler, and others of that class, too much praise cannot be bestowed, while the solid information they have diffused through the rising generation will form a lasting monument to perpetuate their memories.

But it is also to be observed, that the class of story-books has now assumed a new dress, and, instead of the simple and affecting narratives of the 'Looking-Glass,' 'Sandford and Merton,' &c. we now find the expeditions of Belzoni and Franklin thrown into the form of a familiar dialogue between a mother and her children; while the connection of the narrative is perpetually broken by the interrogatories of the children, and the consequent explanation of abstruse and scientific terms. Other works are devoted to the elucidation of moral and natural philosophy, and the dryness of the subject is compensated by amusing anecdotes, sketches of character, &c. which bear little or no allusion to the subject, or are the effect of a train of

reasoning far beyond the comprehension of a child.

Surely, Mr. Editor, these things should not be so; science, properly so called, to be understood, must be studied with care and diligence; and, as it is universally acknowledged that there is no 'royal road to learning,' it is impossible that a competent knowledge of the depths of moral or natural philosophy can be obtained through the medium of a tale or familiar dialogue, the digressions inseparable from which break the chain of reasoning that connects the *effect* with its *cause*, and is the very essence of these abstruse and difficult sciences.

Whilst these and other complicated subjects are treated in the form of catechisms and grammars, they are highly useful and instructive, as an opportunity is given to explain the technical terms by notes and a glossary; but when made the subject of a story, as above, they not only assume a character foreign to their nature, but become even injurious, as giving the young readers cause to suppose they know much, whereas, in fact, they know but little, and are immediately confounded by an examination in the first principles of science.

But I would not be understood, in the above observations, to depreciate the value and utility of story-books in general; as, when written in a plain, familiar, and entertaining manner, they have been, and ever will be, the best vehicles for conveying the great truths of morality and religion to the youthful mind; but, on this point, I would observe, that a marked change has taken place both in their subjects and their style. The present race of writers of this class have departed from the excellent models of Barbauld and Trimmer, and, by endeavouring to keep pace with the general improvement, have drawn their characters too highly; and, by mingling the sports of childhood with the passions and feelings of riper years, led the taste to relish the marvellous, and thus laid a foundation for the eager perusal of novels and romances, which many of the present story-books too much resemble.

E. G. B.

THE TREAD-MILL.—GAOLERS.

To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.

SIR,—In your notice, last week, of Sir John Cox Hippesley's work, relative to the tread-mill and its consequences, is the following remark:—'senators, magistrates, and gaolers, have all praised the tread-mill, and are generally very indifferent as to its effects, further than

the repression of crime.' Of the three classes of persons named here, I rather think the *gaolers* have the greatest interest in the perpetuation and extension of this new mode of punishment, as I intend presently to shew. But, before I do this, allow me to ask you, sir, how you could venture to use so *low* a word as *gaolers*? Do you not know, or have you forgotten, that all these persons are now called *governors*; and that they are generally written to as *esquires*? If you do not, it is fit that you should be told of your unseemly error.

Having set you right in this particular, I shall now proceed to state why I consider this class of *gentlemen* as especially interested in the extension of the tread-mill and its machinery. The intention, or presumed intention is, that the prisoners shall grind the corn to make their own bread; and so far, so good; but it happens, I believe, that in several of our large county prisons they produce infinitely more flour than can be consumed by the prisoners. The consequence is, that *Mr. Governor* becomes a miller, seeing that the culprits must be kept going, and, as he has his machinery and labour for nothing, he can take his commodity to market, and undersell, if he pleases, some of those men who are taxed to enable him so to do; viz. the wind and water and steam millers, of this *milling* country. I know a *governor* of this sort in an agricultural county, with whom some of the clerical magistrates find it convenient frequently to take *pot-luck*, and a glass of humble port, whose flour carts are continually seen about the neighbourhood of the county goal, to the infinite annoyance of the poor millers aforesaid. This is not as it ought to be. Certainly, idleness in a prison is a bad thing, and the confined ought to be made to do all they can towards their own support; but when an article is produced by their labour, which may tend, as I verily believe this does, to the partial injury of industrious tradesmen, it ought not to be allowed, especially as it is to aggrandize one of these new-fangled *governors*. (Why, sir, our very workhouse keepers, now-a-days, scorn to be called masters: they, forsooth, are *governors* too!)

Prison governors have too often an influence over county magistrates; county magistrates get at the ears of senators, or are senators themselves, and thus may be accounted for the reciprocity of their affections for the tread-mill.

I am, &c. J. M. L.

Original Poetry.

FANNY.

I HAVE look'd on the eye of Rosina,
I have witness'd the dimples of Ruth,
Have heard the fair songs of Serena,
And those three were all lovely in sooth:
But I saw them not equal to thee:
Thou art dearer and sweeter than any;
And how happy and blest I shall be,
If thou wilt but marry me, Fanny!

My cottage is furnished and pretty;
Our health and our youth are in prime;
I can work, and can send to the city
For the ring and the license in time:
The church is not distant, you know,
And this season is finer than any!

I ask your consent if on Sunday you'll go,
To be mine everlastingly, Fanny? P. R. J.

WAR-SONG OF THE GREEKS.

To arms! to arms! ye Greeks;
The voice of Freedom speaks,—
Let her not call in vain,
But lengthen forth the strain,
And echo back the sound,
E'en till the nations ring around;

Blest shades of chiefs of ages gone,
Who fought and bled at Marathon!
Oh! hear us from your azure skies,
And listen to our glorious cries!
Each darken'd soul with light illume,
And chase the terrors of the tomb.

From stripling youth to aged sire,
Pour on each breast a quenchless fire!
No more to quail at Moslem foe,
But fight as ye did when below!
Strike the lyre to martial strains,
And fill with boiling blood the veins;

Belch forth the trumpet's clangor breath,
And sound it as the knell of death
To that fell state, whose bitter scourge
Hath driven us to destruction's verge!

Oh! Liberty, thrice hallow'd flame,
The boon, the blessing of our earth,
Long have we known thee but by name,
But now that thou hast birth.

From Grecian hearts thy boundless strength
shall soar,
Till slaves and *tyranny* exist no more!

To arm! to arms! ye Greeks!
The voice of Freedom speaks,—
Let her not call in vain,
But be her *sons* again.

Edmonton. J. LEATHWICK.

Fine Arts.

BURNS' MONUMENT AT AYR.
THIS elegant structure, which is now completed, consists of a triangular basement supporting a circular peristyle of nine columns of the Corinthian order; above these rise a domical roof, decorated with ornaments, which serve to support a tripod*. The general idea is borrowed from that exquisite fragment of Athenian architecture, the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates; than which it is hardly possible to conceive any edifice, of a purely decorative character, combining at once such luxuri-

ance of fancy, with such purity of taste. Still, beautiful as the memorial here raised to the memory of Scotia's bard undoubtedly is, it may be questioned whether the Doric order would not have been far more characteristic of the energy and simplicity of the lays of Burns; and also more in unison with the surrounding scenery. With regard to the site of this monument, none can be more interesting or better chosen, it being in the centre of those landscapes which the genius of the poet has rendered classical ground.

It is truly gratifying to see Art thus worthily employed in raising memorials to departed genius:—gratifying, both as indicating the advance of taste and intellect, and as holding out a noble stimulus to the exertion of those talents that humanize man and adorn society. We have sometimes been reproached for our seeming apathy towards the memories of those who have honoured their country by their talents, and benefited the human race in general by the powerful though silent influence of mind and opinion. Our public monuments, it is said, are for the most part erected to naval and military characters, and, among these, even to some of not the first-rate eminence, while, with a very few exceptions, men of the most splendid talents have no memorial commensurate with their worth. It is true, indeed, that we have a Poet's *Corner* in Westminster Abbey, but—to say nothing of their design, execution, and effect—the monuments there erected will hardly suffice to rescue us from the imputation of national indifference towards the memory of illustrious philosophers and

* On this tripod is the following inscription:
The first stone of this Monument,
Erected by public Subscription,
In honour of the Genius of
ROBERT BURNS,
Was laid by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, of
Auchinleck, Bait.

[Under whose exertions, principally, the sub-
scription was commenced and carried
through,]

On the 25th day of Jan. 1820:
And on the 4th of July, 1823,
This Structure being wholly completed,
This Tripod

Was fixed upon the summit,
In presence of a numerous assemblage
of Freemasons and Subscribers.
Headed and addressed on the occasion by
William Fullerton, Esq., of Sheldon,
Thomas Hamilton, Jun. Architect,
and
John Connel, Jun. Builder and Contractor.

Within the basement is a circular chamber
of the Doric order, about 16 feet high, from
which a flight of steps conducts to the gallery
above.

poets.—We are of opinion, also, that the possession of what may be considered a monumental pantheon, should not hinder us from erecting, at the native home and *penates* of genius, some public testimony of our esteem and our veneration. When will Stratford be able to point out to the traveller a trophy worthy to decorate the native soil of our unrivalled poet? The monument—we had nearly said miserable monument—erected to our great dramatic bard, within the walls of the Abbey, is but a poor atonement for this deficiency. Mind and genius have nothing to do with place and space, those fetters of our terrestrial parts; yet, although fully aware of this, such is the force of association, that we cannot revisit the spots hallowed by the mighty dead, without feeling that the inanimate objects around us, once witnessed their presence—that the ground we tread upon was also once trodden upon by them. It would be but policy on the part of our provincial cities to do something towards recording the memories of such eminent characters as they may individually have produced, and we should augur most favourably of such a circumstance, both as an indication of sound patriotism and one of the best possible proofs of our general intellectual advancement. By monuments, of course, is understood something more than a mere tablet, or little piece of sculpture, in a church, where, thanks to the policy of those who have the management of such things, it is generally as much entombed from public gaze, as though deposited in the vault of the Capulets. We are not so sanguine as to expect that a more liberal system will be adopted in this country, until after the lapse of many years:—ultimately, however, we think that juster and sounder views will prevail; and we also predict that literary and moral excellence will receive some portion of that meed of national fame, which has hitherto been rarely bestowed, except on physical energy and political celebrity.

HUGHES's BEAUTIES OF CAMBRIA.

THE Beauties of Cambria consist of sixty views in North and South Wales, fifty-eight of which were taken by Mr. H. Hughes, who has engraved the whole on wood, and thus given us an excellent specimen of that branch of a liberal profession.

The views embrace all the most romantic and most interesting places in Wales, sketched with great freedom, and engraved with spirit. Each view is accompanied by a brief but sufficiently

explanatory description. The artist's subscription list appears to be a good one, and if it has not recompensed him for his labours, we trust the public will; for his work is worthy of its patronage.

Literature and Science.

The new novel of the 'Spaewife' by the author of 'Ringan Gilhajze,' 'Annals of the Parish,' &c., is in the press and may be expected to appear shortly.

A volume called 'Sweepings of my Study' is announced at Edinburgh.

Diving-bell at Port Patrick.—The diving-bell, or rather the improved instrument now in use at Port Patrick, is a square cast metal frame, about eight feet high, twenty-two feet in circumference, and weighing upwards of four tons. This frame is open below, and at the top are twelve small circular windows made of very thick glass, such as are sometimes seen used on board of ships. These windows are so cemented or puttied in that not a bubble of water can penetrate; and when the sea is clear, and particularly when the sun is shining, the workmen are enabled to carry on their submarine operations without the aid of candles, which would consume nearly as much air as an equal number of human bellows. In the inside of the bell are seats for the workmen with pegs to hang their tools on, and attached to it is a strong double air-pump, which is a great improvement on the old fashioned plan of sinking barrels filled with air. From this pump issues a thick leathern tube, which is closely fitted into the bell, and the length of which can easily be proportioned to the depth of water. The bell is suspended from a very long crane, the shaft of which is sunk to the very keel of a vessel, purchased and fitted up for the purpose, and which is, in fact, a necessary part of the diving apparatus. On the deck of this vessel is placed the air-pump, worked by four men with an additional hand to watch the signals. When about to commence operations, the sloop is moved to the outside of the breakwater, the air-pump put in motion, the crane worked, and then go down the aquatic quarrymen. From its weight and shape, the machine must dip perpendicularly; while the volume of air within enables the workmen to breathe, and keeps out the water. On arriving at the bottom the divers are chiefly annoyed with large beds of sea-weed, although from the inequalities of the channel at Portpatrick, and the partially uneven manner in which the ledges of the bell occasionally rest on the rocks, it is impossible to expel the water altogether; and this, it is presumed, is the reason why it is dangerous to descend in rough or squally weather, when the heaving and agitated deep would be apt to dash in the smallest cranny. To guard against the effects of several hours partial immersion in water, the men are provided with large

jack-boots, caps of wool, and coarse woolen jackets. They also observe the precaution of stuffing their ears with cotton, as the constant stream of air which descends from above, occasions, at first, an uneasy sensation, and is even apt to produce deafness. The chief sub-marine artist came from Holyhead; and out of 180 masons, carpenters, and labourers, only one man, it is said, volunteered to assist him. A respectable and ingenious gentleman, who had been down in the bell, stated that he felt no inconvenience whatever; but the air-pump workers, among whom were made some minute inquiries, shook their heads at this piece of information, and hinted that the volunteer-diver had often felt a little queerish, and, for one thing, "had taken his victuals very badly." Now, we have two or three men working with perfect ease and safety 20, 25, and sometime 30 feet below water. In carrying out the new pier it is necessary to make a bed for the foundation stones, which would otherwise be left at the mercy of the waves—and this, in a word, is the duty of the divers. With picks, hammers, jumpers, and gunpowder, the most rugged surface is made even, and not only a bed prepared for the huge masses of stone which are afterwards let down, but the blocks themselves strongly bound together with iron and cement. The divers, like other quarrymen, when they wish "to blast," take good care to be out of harm's way. By means of a tin tube, the powder is kept quite dry, and a branch from the larger cavity, hollow, and filled with an oaten straw, is lengthened to the very surface of the water before the fuse is lighted. In one or two cases the powder has failed to explode; and it is very teasing for the men after three or four hours hard work below water to descend again, for the sole purpose of repeating the blasting process.—*Glasgow Chronicle.*

REPORT ON GAS LIGHTS.

During the late session of Parliament, a Select Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to hear evidence on the subject of Gas Light. Their Report, with the evidence, which occupies upwards of one hundred pages, has just been printed by order of the House of Commons. The Report we give entire, with an abstract of the most material parts of the evidence.

Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Subject of Gas Lights, and the Reports of the Person appointed by the Secretary of State to inspect the Gas Light Establishments existing in the Metropolis.

Your Committee are of opinion, that the danger likely to arise from gasometers and gas works is not so great as has been supposed, and that therefore the necessity of interference by the legislative enactments, pointed out in the Reports referred to them, does not press at the present period of the Session.

It appears, that great improvements have taken place in the apparatus, machinery, and management of gas works, since 1814, the date of the Report from the Committee of the Royal Society, which have very much lessened the

danger of such works; and that improvements are daily making in every department of them, that must still further lessen the danger necessarily attendant on such establishments.

The evidence sufficiently supports the opinion, that the risk of accident or danger is but small, if the ordinary care and attention, necessary in every large establishment, is paid by the officers and workmen employed on the premises.

It is in evidence, that the carburetted hydrogen gas, usually supplied to the public, is not, of itself, explosive; but that, in order to render it so, a mixture of from five to twelve parts of atmospheric air, and the application of flame, is necessary; whilst the manner in which the gasometer-houses are in general built, renders it extremely difficult to form the mixture requisite for explosion, and consequently renders the chance of accident remote.

The danger attendant on the use of gas in the streets and passages appears also to be small; and that it will, probably, by the better management and care of the persons employed in these establishments, be henceforth lessened.

The Committee beg to refer to the evidence respecting the accidents, by explosions of gas, stated to have occurred at Edinburgh, Manchester, and other places, as to their extent.

It appears, that in some of the gas works, safety lamps, on Sir Humphrey Davy's plan, are used on the premises, to guard against accidents that might occur by the application of flame to any explosive mixture that may have been formed, by leakage from the gasometers or pipes; and, as the Committee consider that precaution very necessary, they trust the directors of every establishment will immediately adopt them, both for their own and the public security.

There are several suggestions in the reports, and in the evidence, as to the limits of districts, the size of gasometers, the distance of placing them from each other, the structure of the houses and roofs, the kind of tanks, &c. that deserve very serious attention: and, although the Committee view the interests of the gas establishments as intimately connected with the avoidance of danger from the gas, they are decidedly of opinion that such further power should be given to the Secretary of State over all gas establishments, as shall be deemed requisite to carry into effect the improvements in the works that may be necessary for the safety of the public.

The Committee cannot close their Report without expressing their satisfaction that the public have obtained so great, and so rapidly increasing a means, of adding to the convenience and comfort of society, as the use of gas, under due management, must afford; and they are of opinion, that as a means of police, much benefit would be derived from its general introduction, to light the streets of this metropolis.

Your Committee have deemed it proper to add to their Report, by way of appendix, the examinations of the several witnesses called before them; and they beg leave to refer generally to the printed reports of the Royal Society and of Sir William Congreve.

7th July, 1823.

The Committee examined Sir H. Davy, W. Hyde Wollaston, M. D., John Millington, Esq., Sir W. Congreve, Mr. Jacob Davis, Mr. Sam. Clegg, Mr. Wm. Lester, Mr. G. Lowe, Mr. J. Evans, and Mr. J. Watson.

Sir Humphrey Davy, in reference to the explosion of the gas-works in Peter Street,

did not think the estimate of the possible explosive force of a gasometer of fourteen thousand cubic feet over-rated, when compared with an explosion of ten barrels of gunpowder: that the danger of explosion was in proportion to the size of the gasometer. Being asked, in case of an explosion of one large gasometer among fourteen or fifteen, though not actually in contact, what would be the effect; he replied:—‘It is extremely probable that they would be overturned, torn in pieces, removed from their situations, and the whole exploded; but it is very difficult to answer that question, because it is a matter of experimental research; and if I wanted to ascertain whether they were likely to be exploded, I should have a model of them, made on a small scale, and introduce an explosive mixture into one, and ascertain what the effect would be upon the others. I think an experiment of that kind would be more satisfactory than any opinion I can give: when we act on a great scale, the results are not always the same; when we argue from the force of gunpowder, they are not exactly the same; they are both extremely dangerous, but nobody can predict the exact result.’ He added, that in case the gasometers were at a distance of fifty or sixty feet from each other, it was probable the explosion of one would not affect the rest. Does not think inflammation from lightning can take place; and thinks danger of explosion from rioters, or ill-disposed persons, very small. Sir Humphrey considers oil-gas as preferable to coal-gas in every respect, as far as lighting, and less dangerous.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

‘Improvements in the Metropolis’ will appear next week, when several articles under consideration will be adverted to.

BRITTON'S ILLUSTRATIONS OF FONTHILL ABBEY.

THE AUTHOR has to entreat the patient indulgence of his Friends and Patrons till towards the end of this Month, when the Volume will be published, and when they will learn that the *Plates are destroyed*, and be informed of the reason for such procedure.

Subscribers names to be received till the 16th inst., after which the prices of the remaining Copies will be raised:—viz. Large Paper, from 2gs. to 2l. 10s., and Small Paper, from 1 guinea to 25s. Of the former size only 46 out of 250; and, of the latter about 150 are un-subscribed for.

Aug. 7th, 1823. 17, Burton Street, Tavistock Square.

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